

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

Here is a Magazine larger than usual, with an Editorial short beyond compare.

In these pages are contributions by Sir Hugh Allen, Dame Ethel Smyth, Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Marion Scott, Mr. Adrian Boult, Mr. Herbert Hughes, Mr. J. B. Gordon, Mr. Topliss Green, Professor Charles Wood; and (deeply buried in anonymity) Dr. Emily Daymond and Mr. Claude Aveling. Contributors to The Royal Collegian Abroad are legion, and as they are scattered all over the globe, that column is kept within respectable limits.

Some of the articles here printed necessarily remind us of two recent heavy losses. The next number must emphasise a third.

We wish it were otherwise.

Hubert Parry

A Memorial in Gloucester Shire Hall

On 9th September, in the midst of the Gloucester Festival, Sir Hugh Allen attended the Wednesday evening Concert at the Shire Hall in order to unveil a memorial tablet to Sir Hubert Parry's memory. Placed on the main staircase of the hall, the tablet recalls how, through Sir Hubert's generosity, it was made possible to add the "President's Gallery" to the hall. After the unveiling, Sir Hugh Allen spoke as follows:

It seems appropriate that a word or two should be said about Sir Hubert Parry on this night, at this concert, and in this Hall; not only because it has most properly been decided to commemorate with a tablet his generous gift to the City of Gloucester of the Gallery which adorns this Hall, but because it was just fifteen years ago to-night that the gallery was first used for the purposes of this Festival, and, on that occasion, the Mayor of Gloucester presented an address to Parry, thanking him for his great service to music generally and to Gloucester. Parry, in reply, said that he hoped the gallery, by increasing the accommodation for concerts, might enable many more poor people to enjoy the advantage of fine music, and so bring more happiness into the drab surroundings of many lives. More than ever is it necessary to do this. He would indeed have been astonished, and, I believe, pleased to know that to-night for the first time in the history of the three choirs Festival (or perhaps

of any Festival) a concert in the Shire Hall is being listened to by many thousands of people far outside the limits of the county or of the three counties, or even of Great Britain.

The hope he expressed in 1910 is being realised, though perhaps not quite in the way he anticipated. Parry was a great Three Choirs man. A splendid series of his works is entwined round the very heart of these Festivals, and one of the greatest of them was sung this morning in its original home. One of the faces most looked for at these jolly gatherings was his—one of the greetings most cherished was his—one of the hardest losses to be borne is his. This Festival in particular had the most intimate connection with Parry, and were he alive to-day, this very Wednesday, it is likely that choir and orchestra would all of them have been having tea with him at Highnam, to their great content and his delight. Was there ever a man who made people feel so happy, or could get the last ounce out of life and out of others as he could? But he put as much into life as he took out, and that is the reason that he always had something to spare to help people on the road—to show them the way—to spur them on to finer work. A few years before Parry died, in an address to some students he said, "I confess to a sense of exhilaration wherever I meet with a human life that can be contemplated fully and frankly with the certainty of its true quality being untarnished. It soon mitigates the bitterness of the ending of human relations. When a man's life has been really well spent, we can be glad he had enough time to find out how to make a good thing of it and spend it with advantage. Every life so spent, strengthens the spirit of those who are in contact with it." This truth was never truer than in his case. No one could come into contact with Parry without being immediately conscious of the refreshing influence he had upon one. You felt that his life included you in it, and that your thoughts were caught up in that splendid mind and carried far higher. This county will never have a man with more of those qualities which it most admires and sets store by, and Gloucester, with its many fine musicians and composers, will never have a nobler name on its records than that of Hubert Parry, of Highnam, in the County of Gloucester.

Director's Address.

(SEPTEMBER, 1925.)

The pleasure of seeing you all here at this very convenient hour—all looking so well, all so eager to try work again after having forsaken it for the many sunburnt pleasures of the vacation—is mitigated by the thought that I have, by the unbroken custom of the College, to talk to you for a few minutes. The reason of the choice of this hour is obvious. It was not to avoid the classes and lessons that occupy every hour but this, but because the sound and the smell of lunch are in the air; and that puts as effectual a limit on the utterance of the Director as it does on the patience of his audience.

It is always very difficult to know what to talk about, and one might quite easily occupy a considerable amount of time in talking about this difficulty. But it would in the end be a waste of time, however pleasant an excursion it might prove.

I wonder how many of you who know this Hall well noticed, when you came in to-day, that it had been cleaned, painted and newly adorned. You could hardly help thinking how spacious it seemed compared to last term. It was almost impossible to believe that there was so much dirt and griminess as was evident when the painters got to work, or that the dirt of many years could have had such an effect of limiting the apparent space. It is odd how easily people fall in with things, and by not noticing them get used to surroundings which are ugly or uncomfortable or even bad. As soon as we get used to them they largely cease to interest us, and we don't notice their going wrong—the cracks in the wall, the gutters stopped up. We remain unconscious of these things until one day the house falls down, or the rain comes through the ceiling, and we say "I had no idea things were as bad as that, or had gone so far, but I *do* remember noticing a crack!" It is a lucky thing for us that there do come moments in our lives when we feel we must put things straight, tidy up, or sort out, or rearrange, or generally make ourselves busy in all kinds of uncomfortable activities. The feeling comes periodically, but with different individuals at varying intervals. It is generally preceded by a feeling of stuffiness and cramp, and a desire for some kind of change; but it only bursts forth into real display when something goes wrong and thoroughly inconveniences us.

Such periods come in the same way to Institutions and Societies, and occur with remarkable regularity in nations, ranging from volcanoes and revolutions to hot water pipes and drains. Such demonstrations are brought about by the accumulation of energies or of numbers of things

such as dirt and waste paper, by the storing up of energies physical or otherwise, or by grievancies piled upon each other. Something has to be got rid of, something has to go, room must be found, space must be increased.

Some people find it necessary to wash every day, some once a week, and others at longer intervals. It is as well that washing is so prevalent, for if it were not so, one of the noblest professions—that of the plumber—would cease to exist, and with it some of the best jokes we enjoy. In some houses spring cleaning takes place in the spring, in others it is a monthly operation, in a few (and they are the most uncomfortable sort) it seems to go on always. Rubbish, dirt, newspapers, letters, and clothes, cigarette ends, and burnt matches, seem to accumulate at an equal rate, and as we live in somewhat confined spaces we should soon be mowed under if we didn't have periodic clearances.

It seems a curious thing that as soon as people congregate together they begin in more ways than one to make a mess of things. (You all saw the picture of Ken Wood after August Bank Holiday.) If it were not for the dustman and the fire and the waste-paper basket the world would soon be obliterated: we should literally have to struggle to keep our heads above the rubbish. Whoever invented the Dustman and the Waste-paper Basket conferred on society two of its greatest possessions, for which we are not half thankful enough; nor do we use them as fully as we should.

The feeling that we must make a clearance often takes a long time to develop. We have to be thoroughly inconvenienced to find a pair of gloves or a letter or a railway ticket before we are moved to tidy a drawer or a table or a pocket. We resolve many times to do the thing at once, and as many times we fall from grace. It is only when some real catastrophe happens, and we cannot find the safety pin that stands between us and confusion, or the stud that is essential to our appearance at dinner, that we begin in earnest to put our house in order. And then remarkable things happen: amazement at the muddle we have allowed to accumulate and have lived in more or less comfortably is only equalled by the despair of ever getting straight again. We are encouraged, however, in this pursuit of virtue by the discovery of all kinds of belongings which had disappeared not only from our sight but from our remembrance. These "finds" illumine the dullness of our occupation until investigation becomes more like a search among prehistoric remains of a bygone civilisation, rewarded here and there by the finding of some paleolithic

trinket or some finery which kept one warm in the last glacial age. There is scarcely any joy so keen as that one feels at the recovery of a thing one had even forgotten one possessed. It need have no value or use—all the better; it enhances the discovery, and is so much the more worth finding, especially as it was probably the reason for its being lost and forgotten.

Tidiness really means timeliness: it is a kind of reasonable passion for re-arranging things and putting things into a new order. We all love to re-arrange things—to change round the furniture of our rooms, to move the bed into another position. The desire to get more room to move about in is almost as strong as the immediate delight of any new arrangement. The multiplied schemes of headgear which young women affect are a case in point. They cannot alter the face, but they can give it more room and a greater freedom. The love of novelty and of new things has always been strong, and never stronger than to-day, and the solicitude we have for new things, especially if they belong to us (and most of all if we wear them), is astonishing. Think of the agonised apprehension with which a gay costume is worn for the first time on a showery day. Think of the regret with which one uses a new umbrella for the purpose for which it was made. Think how carefully one picks one's way with new and resplendent shoes. And yet within a few hours or days the costume is hurled to the other side of the room, the umbrella lingers in damp neglect, and the shoes walk no more with discriminating steps. It is just the same when we tidy things up. For a few days the table or drawer is regarded with a distant veneration. For a few days only—and then things begin all over again.

It is a point much argued in philosophical circles whether physical untidiness denotes untidiness of the mind. Judging by my own case it certainly does. In the kind of lives we live nowadays, with a thousand impressions daily where before there were but ten, with the range of this experience always extending outwards, with new theories and fancies crowding on us, with old landmarks disappearing, with space annihilated and magic gone and wonder bankrupt, with all these to contend with it does seem more necessary than ever to sort things out, to hold fast by certain things, to discard others, and generally to ascertain our position in a world in which orientation becomes increasingly difficult. It was a wise man who said that the way *not* to think wrong is to think in some sort of order, for a confused state of wild incoherent impulses only leads one into a quagmire. At any rate think. Right or wrong, something will come.

But there is untidiness which, to the man whose untidiness it is, is as effective as the most elaborate scheme of tidiness. For in his own apparent confusion he can find anything he wants. To put that man's house in order for him would be to limit his activities for ever. Some people have a real faculty for remembering where they have put things in a bewildering collection. Others find it difficult to remember where they have put them in an apple-pie order of their own making. So it seems as if there were no golden rule, but "Everyone his own order." But there must be some kind of order. It is impossible to say how you should put things into order. Order must be found out, each for himself. It is rarely the same in two cases. The qualities that are in you make your order different from other people's. You have to think for yourself in carrying out what you are learning to do. It is only in that way that character and individuality are developed and strengthened. If I were so unfortunate as to have to tidy up the affairs of anyone of you, to docket your correspondence, put your wardrobe in order, or arrange your finances in a coherent way, I should make a fearful mess of it—but nothing to that you would make of mine ; simply because the circumstances and methods are bound to be very different.

There can be no doubt that the busier the life we lead the more need there is of order. But it must be an order according to the circumstances of the case. The methods of a business house or of a big institution are quite different from the methods and order of the individual. But in so far as your work and life are brought into contact with others' work and other lives, it does matter a lot what sort of order you evolve. The best order, whether in lives or material things, is that which puts the many elements within its scope into their proper relation, so that the main purpose is served by the subsidiary, and a wholesome efficiency is the result. You must, so to speak, be sure you've got the right stick and the right end of that stick before you begin to use it.

In our lives as well as in our affairs we want periodic revisions and sorting out. It is just as easy to get the mind muddled as the table, and infinitely harder to clear it up. All kinds of dust and accumulations of rubbish get into it to make the vision dull and the brain heavy. Contact with certain people thickens the gloom. On the contrary, we find here and there minds which illuminate everything and blow the cobwebs away like magic. Our own wits have to be kept steadily working and buzzing if we are going to keep our brains from getting clogged. There are in the material as well as in the spiritual world clouds of dust and heaps of

rubbish, endless scraps of paper and innumerable empty tins covering, obliterating, disfiguring and desolating. It is only by constant attention that we can prevent our way being shut in and blocked. The dustman, the fire, and the waste-paper basket are more necessary than ever.

We may say, therefore, that tidiness, physical and mental, is that timely intervention of the Fates that without our realising it impels us to clear up the muddles in which we live and work. It enables us to see more clearly, to think more clearly, and gives us more room in which to live and move and have our being.

HUGH P. ALLEN,

Operatic Jottings.

In the course of conducting two operas of mine last July, in the Parry Theatre at the Royal College of Music, an old conviction, held by me long before any of my cast had put in an appearance on this mortal scene, was strongly reinforced ; namely, that there is any amount of operatic talent running to waste in England. Which fact, whether from the point of view of composers or singers, is nothing short of a tragedy.

For what are the facts of the case ? The conditions in which our operatic enterprises are carried on have been proved by the experience of all civilised countries to be incompatible with artistic results. Does anyone believe that other nations, including the present-day Russians, subsidise their opera houses from mere love of spending money ?

In the case of England, I myself am firmly convinced that "Grand" Opera, to use the ridiculous term invented on this side of the Channel, is foreign to the spirit of our race ; and here I am not only thinking of English composers but of executants. We are not dramatic ; our whole culture condemns loud voices, extravagant gestures, violent demonstrations of any sort. The repose of manner "that stamps the class of Vere de Vere" is a splendid thing in its way, but it rather militates against an easy expression of strong passions. Recently, witnessing an amateur performance of "Cavalleria," I was reminded of the perennial cry of a man I once knew—a cry heard at theatre, and even at Church doors, and addressed to his rather impulsive wife : "I do hope you are not going to make yourself conspicuous !"

But if we English are shy of expressing tumultuous emotion, mercifully we are not ashamed of being funny, as now and again a trait of genius flung into some machine-made musical comedy will prove. Let me here recommend anyone who hasn't seen it to look at the ball-room scene in "By the Way." Fantastic imagination such as this is one of the great assets of our race, and it ought by rights to find expression in as fine music as anyone can write for it. Yes, light opera, as Gilbert and Sullivan have shown us, is our true field, and I think it is worthy of remark that since the Elizabethan epoch, the most living dramatic literature we have produced, travelling from the Restoration writers, through Sheridan, to G.B.S., has been in the realm of Comedy.

Now on the face of it, given the terrific expense of "Grand" Opera, this theory that what I will venture to call "Non-Grand" Opera is our true bent, should be fraught with consolation. Unfortunately certain difficulties will have to be dealt with, the chief of which is that English singers must try and learn to articulate. And as it is the fashion, even in ordinary conversation, to mumble, or gabble, or clip your words—anything rather than speak distinctly—teachers of singing will have their work cut out for them when it comes to systematically trying to eradicate this vile, uncivilised habit. As I write I have learned that the Chinese, probably the most exquisitely cultured nation in the world, consider it *ill-bred* to write indistinctly, and I wish that as regards the spoken word, whether in singing or in ordinary conversation, some such view could be driven into the very young—for those over 25 are past praying for! Or, as regards singing, if we would only take a leaf out of the French book! In France they do not say "*Chantez-moi cette chanson*" but "*dites-moi cette chanson*"; and that is the right view of singing; it should be *musical speaking*.

This will be one of our greatest stumbling blocks, for to sing your words distinctly require a great effort of will as well as of muscle. The proof is that when we are tired we all speak indistinctly. At the old Savoy no singer dared to chance this point; they worked (as comic opera must be worked if it is to come off) *daily from 10 to 6* for weeks and weeks before the production—and if, as time went on, every word was not distinguishable, the peccant singers got the sack.

A second difficulty is that non-grand opera, especially if comic and dependent on lyrics etc. as well as action, demands light scoring, and it is far harder to score well for small than for full orchestra. Also such scoring demands very careful handling on the part of the players.

Slovenliness, coarseness of execution, are relatively (I say *relatively*!) unimportant in a band of 70 performers playing Grand Opera, but if you are dealing with a band of 20 or 23, how devastatingly blots show up! I can well believe what Sir Henry Wood remarked recently to his orchestra is true: "Playing such a lot of Haydn has done us all a world of good."

What I have said about the musical aspect of non-grand opera is equally true on the field of stage management. Delicate comedy needs far greater nicety, far more rehearsing as well as more careful thinking out, than grand opera with its broad effects and mass movements. It is miniature painting as opposed to fresco work. And, if I may jump back again into the musical department, it has been said that any fool can conduct Wagner, but that it takes a great artist to conduct Mozart. I absolutely agree.

Yet another lion in the path of a future British School of Opera Composers (for ere long we shall be found to have fashioned one) is the high-brow music philosopher. I am told on good authority that in certain English circles the fantastic idea obtains that opera writing is a comparatively easy job—a sort of relaxation after the strain of putting together symphonics, tone poems, and oratorios. And as for *comic* opera, I believe that in Grove's Dictionary it is lamented that Sullivan did not make a more "*serious*" use of his great gifts—did not (I suppose) write the Oratorio "*Methuselah*," which some of us are saving up as a soft job for extreme old age! Thus did "they"—the mysterious, anonymous "they"—judge the man who alone of all our composers has created an art unlike that of any other country—a thing all our own, which even the highbrow allows (though in a tone tinged with patronage) is as alive in the year 1925 as it was 50 years or so ago! Ask Strauss which he considers his greatest achievement—any three of his tone-poems or a comic opera that comes off—and which, in my humble opinion, is his masterpiece in every sense—namely, "*The Rosenkavalier*."

All in all, given our conditions, I have come to a certain conclusion of late. If ever I write another non-grand opera I should plead that the first public performance take place with only piano accompaniment, and perhaps a few strings. Later on, when you have made sure that the singers are complying with the first rule—uttering their words distinctly—it is time enough to orchestrate. And speaking as a composer (for after some 150 years of sterility and silence we have to forge a new instrument and learn our job) you will thus be able to tell at relatively small expense of labour, if your dramatic construction is as good as you can make it.

The era of cuts, of slips, of photographic paste, of red pencil never becomes quite a thing of the past (so other opera composers have told us), but its horrors could thus be considerably reduced.

It is not this point, however, that I have in mind just now, nor even the terrible question of sufficient rehearsals with orchestra (for whereas a dearth of orchestral rehearsing ruins the opera, a plethora ruins the promoter). No ; what I am stressing is the fact that *the chief point must be considered first*, and in light opera—for I am pre-supposing that the book is good—this is, that the actors get the ethic content of their parts over the footlights. I would free all concerned—producer, composer and conductor—from the many side issues that obscure this chief one, including the rough playing that is all the finest orchestra in the world can accomplish when short of rehearsal. I was perfectly amazed, *and so were the performers*, at the way the R.C.M. Opera Orchestra accompanied "Entente Cordiale" at what was really the third performance, if we count the broadcasting. The reason was, of course, that the music was by that time familiar to the band, and, what is equally important, they had had a chance of talking up their true relation to the singers and the stage happenings generally. Similarly you cannot expect singers to get the words effectively off their lips till continual ensemble rehearsing has dissipated all dread of "coming in wrong." I am told that Gilbert and Sullivan exacted ten *full* rehearsals—orchestra, action, lighting, everything ! And—I should like once more to say it—it was simply amazing the way the R.C.M. company pulled off an extremely difficult work like "Entente Cordiale"—a work which creates its own formula—on the time allowance we had to make do at the extreme end of a crowded, examination-ridden summer term.

If my idea of, so to speak, posthumous scoring seems very fantastic, I can produce a sort of moral sanction. Sullivan once told me he seldom began scoring his operas till they were in rehearsal ! Yes ! in spite of his colossal routine, this great master liked to brood over the colour-possibilities of a new work while it was being sung to him, and since he had countless copyists at his disposal the thing was possible. As prices are nowadays, producers of modern operas simply cannot afford to wait till a new work has caught on ; all the money has been absorbed beforehand by the orchestra ! And I think it cannot be sufficiently rubbed in that in the case of "The Immortal Hour," which was a *real, genuine, popular success*—you could see the audience loving it in spite of their chocolate-crunching and other irrelevant activities—*Sir Barry Jackson lost £8,000 !* And the main cause of that loss was . . . the orchestra !

Yet, delightfully scored as the work is, I am certain that, failing that munificent patron, music of that calibre could have established itself with a piano and a few strings—and, say, a harp. Now comic operas are ten thousand times less dependent than romantic works on orchestral effects and appeals, but are ten million times more liable to fall flat if the words are drowned by such playing as “one full rehearsal” results in. All in all, the more I think of it (for it is a new idea) the sounder does the notion seem to me.

There is one thing I should like to say as forcibly as I know how. Gilbert and Sullivan killed light opera for decades, because everyone tried to do the same thing rather than strike out a new line. It is the strength and weakness of our race to stereotype everything, and if publishers, and, at first, the public, had their way, the author of a successful novel or drama would go on writing that same work to the end of time! Laziness and cowardice lie at the bottom of this tendency. It is with pleasure that I have seen this year two little comic operas written on new lines. No one can say whether they were “successful” or not, any more than you can speak of the “career” of a child starved to death at the age of six! But anyhow, these works are not on machine-made lines. Let the coming generation of comic opera writers turn a deaf ear to sincere well wishers who will advise them to work on the Gilbert and Sullivan formula; let them worry out the problem for themselves. And when told they are on the wrong tack—that the edifice should have seven, not six windows, and no porch, etc., etc.—will they think of a remark once made to me in a moment of after-dinner confidence by a very cultured and witty French dramatic critic: “Of course *for us* every new play has one great fault—that it is not *some quite other play!*”

In conclusion, the outlook for non-grand opera looks pretty hopeless at present, but let me say this: there *is* a way out of our difficulties! A certain plan I have heard of *would* give us what we want! Having said which, and desiring to be guiltless of further indiscretion, I will bring these desultory remarks to a rapid close.

ETHEL SMYTH.

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Unveiling of the Memorial Tablet to Sir Charles Stanford

A large number of old pupils of the late Sir Charles Stanford met on 4th June, 1925, for the unveiling of the tablet which has been placed in his teaching room. There were present representatives of probably every year from 1883 till nearly the end of his work at the College. Professor Charles Wood, as the oldest of his first pupils here, had been asked to say a few words before the unveiling of the tablet. Dr. Wood remarked that this was the first occasion on which a memorial had been placed in a class room of the College. It was an opportunity to recall the earliest days of the Institution, which began in the building now occupied by the Royal College of Organists. It showed great insight on the part of those who were responsible for the selection of the teaching staff to choose for the most part the younger and rising men of the time rather than to rely on older people. In no department was this more marked than in that of Composition. Sir Charles Stanford was in his 31st year and Sir Hubert Parry four years older. None of Stanford's pupils ever doubted his great gifts as a teacher; he was very quick and accurate in his judgments; generous in his praise of good work; and emphatic in his condemnation of bad. All his pupils owed him a great debt of gratitude, which those present on this occasion fully acknowledged.

College Concerts

Thursday, May 21 (Chamber)

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in A major—
Chaz Franck

EDWIN BRIDGEMAN, A.R.C.M. (Scholar), MARIE
WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Gowland Harrison Exhi-
bitioner).

SONGS .. a. Serenade .. *Granville Bantock*
b. Freights .. *Maurice Besly*

HAROLD S. DENTON (Exhibitioner).

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violoncello,
in D major .. *Bach*

JOYCE MCG. CLARK, HELEN JUST (Scholar).

SONGS .. Vedic Hymns, Op. 24 .. *Gustav Holst*
(a) Varuna (Sky). (b) Ushas (Dawn).

INNIS ECHYVARRI.

SEXTET for Strings, in G major, Op. 36 .. *Brakms*

MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Gowland Harrison
Exhibitioner), GWENDOLEN HIGHAM, A.R.C.M.
(Exhibitioner), MURIEL HART, A.R.C.M.,
GWENDOLEN WINDSOR, A.R.C.M., GETHYN
WYKHAM-GEORGE (Scholar), ELEANOR
GREGORSON (Exhibitioner).

Accompanists—

EUNICE L. WALLIS, A.R.C.M., DOROTHY
BICKELL, A.R.C.M.



Thursday, May 28 (Chamber)

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin,
in A major, Op. 100 .. *Brahms*

ALAN PAUL, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner), ERNEST
MACPHERSON (Exhibitioner).

SONGS .. a. O that I may retrace the way .. *Brahms*
b. The jocund dance .. *Roger Quilter*

MARGARET J. REES.

PIANOFORTE SOLO—

Allegro de Concert .. *Chopin*

DOREEN CLARK, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

THREE DUETS for Two Violins .. *Freda Swain*

a. Song Prelude (Ex-Scholar)

b. Paysage

c. Pagan Dance

AUDREY M. FORD, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

JOHN A. ROBINSON (Scholar).

SONGS

.. .. *Harold Sykes*

a. As we rush in the train (Waley)

b. Proud Maisie (Exhibitioner)

c. King Arthur

KEITH FALKNER, A.R.C.M.

QUARTET for Strings,
in D major, Op. 76, No. 5 .. *Haydn*

LEILA HERMITAGE, MABEL WELLER, A.R.C.M.

(Scholar), JOYCE COOK, A.R.C.M., HELEN JUST.

Accompanists—

DOROTHY BICKELL, A.R.C.M., THOMAS H.

ARMSTRONG (Wesley Exhibitioner).

Thursday, June 11 (Chamber)

CONCERTO, for Two Violoncellos, in G .. *Couperin*

ELEANOR B. K. GREGORSON (Exhibitioner),

AUDREY M. PIGGOTT (Scholar).

SONGS .. a. I heard a Piper piping .. *Peterkin*

b. Come, O come, my life's delight—

Hamilton Harty

D. MAY DAVIES.

PIANOFORTE SOLO—

Sonata No. 5, Op. 53 .. *Scriabin*

JOYCE MCG. CLARK.

SONGS

a. Lisette *J. B. Weckerlin*

b. Bergère légère *J. B. Weckerlin*

MURIEL FORSTER.

FOUR MADRIGALS—

a. Wounded I am *Byrd*

b. I thought that love had been a boy *Byrd*

c. In every place *Morley*

d. On the plains *Weelkes*

NELLIE MEYHAT, JANET POWELL (Exhibitioner),

MARY BINNS (Exhibitioner), WILLIAM

HERBERT (Scholar), JOHN ANDREWS (Exhibitioner).

QUARTET for Strings in G, Op. 77, No. 1 .. *Haydn*

LENA MASON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar), BEATRICE J.

CALVERT, JOYCE COOK, A.R.C.M., HELEN B.

JUST (Scholar).

Accompanist—EUNICE WALLIS, A.R.C.M.

Friday, June 12 (Orchestral)

OVERTURE .. *Alceste* .. *Gluck-Weingartner*

CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra,

in E minor, Op. 85 .. *Edward Elgar*

THELMA REISS-SMITH, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

SCENA .. *Ritorna Vincitor (Aida)* .. *Verdi*

AVIS PHILLIPS, A.R.C.M.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,

in C minor .. *Frederick Delius*

EVELYN BISSETT, A.R.C.M.

SUITE for Orchestra .. *Le Coq d'Or—*

Rimsky-Korsakov

Conductor—DR. MALCOLM SARGENT.

Tuesday, June 16

(Second Orchestral)

SUITE for String Orchestra .. *Frederic Bontost*

(Student)

Conductor—GUY D. H. WARRACK.

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, Op. 93 .. *Beethoven*

SCENE .. *Wotan's Abschied (Walküre)* .. *Wagner*

GAVIN GORDON BROWN.

Conductor—HAROLD DAVIDSON.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,

in A major (K 488) .. *Mozart*

THERESA WALTERS (Scholar).

Conductors—

PIERRE TAS, CONSTANT LAMHRT,

PATRICK HADLEY.

PRELUDE .. *L'Apré-midi d'un Faune* .. *Debussy*

Conductor—GIBRON FAGON.

CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, Op. 34 ..

Rimsky-Korsakov

Conductor—JULIAN CLIFFORD (Scholar).

Conductor—DR. MALCOLM SARGENT.

Wednesday, June 24 (Chamber)

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in E minor—

Percy Turnbull (Scholar)

PERCY TURNBULL, MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M.

(Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner).

SUITE, in F major, for Three Violoncellos—

F. de la Tombelle

FREDA SETTER (Associated Board Exhibitioner),

AUDREY PIGGOTT (Scholar), LOIS

MEADS (Exhibitioner).

SONG .. *L'amerò sarò costante (Il Rê Pastore)*—

Mozart

MABEL RITCHIE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

Violin obbligato—MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M.

TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings,

in F minor, Op. 65 .. *Dvorák*

JOAN BLACK (Associated Board Exhibitioner),

GWENDOLEN HIGHAM, A.R.C.M. (Scholar),

GETHYN WYKEHAM-GEORGE (Scholar).

Thursday, July 9 (Chamber)

SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin,
in A major .. *César Franck*

NORMAN GREENWOOD (Scholar), BARBARA
PULVERMACHEE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

SONGS .. *a. Love went a-riding .. Frank Bridge*
b. My heart is like a singing bird .. Parry
ZOE STRINGER (Exhibitioner).

SONG Adelaide .. *Beethoven*
WILLIAM HERBERT (Scholar).

VIOLONCELLO SOLO—Suite in C major, No. 3
(for Violoncello alone) .. *Bach*

THELMA REISS-SMITH, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

SONGS *a. Sapphic Ode .. Brahms*
b. Secrecy Wolf

GLADYS KNIGHT (Scholar).

QUARTET for Strings, No. 2,
in D flat major, Op. 15 .. *Dohnanyi*

LENA MAKON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar), BARBARA
ENBOR (Exhibitioner), JOYCE COOK, A.R.C.M.
MR. JOHN K. SNOWDEN.

Accompanists—

DOROTHY BICKELL, A.R.C.M., ROSALIND
ROWSELL (Scholar), EUNICE WALLIS, A.R.C.M.

Tuesday, July 14 (Second Orchestral)

SUITE from the Opera "Ruslan and Ludmila"—
Glinka

Arranged and Conducted by
CONSTANT LAMBERT.

SYMPHONY in G (No. 13, B and H) .. *Haydn*

LIEBESTOD (*Tristan*) *Wagner*

ODETTE DE FORAS.

Conductor—PATRICK HADLEY.

SUITE for Strings *Arthur Bull*

1. The Scolding Wife (Scholar)
2. Bedlam City
3. Bobby Shaftoe

Conductor—PIERRE TAS.

CONCERTO in A, for Violin
and Orchestra, Op. 20 .. *Saint-Saëns*

ERNEST J. SEALY (Scholar).

Conductor—HAROLD DAVIDSON.

OVERTURE .. The Flying Dutchman .. *Wagner*

Conductor—GIDEON FAGAN.

Conductor—DR. MALCOLM SARGENT.

Friday, July 17 (Orchestral)

PRELUDE to Act I. .. *Colomba .. A.C. Mackenzie*

SYMPHONIC POEM for Pianoforte and
Orchestra .. *Les Djinns .. César Franck*
JOHN G. HARRISON.

CONCERTO for Violin, Violoncello and
Orchestra .. *Frederick Delius*
GWENDOLEN HIGHAM, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner),
GETHYN WYKHAM-GEORGE (Scholar).

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68 .. *Brahms*

ARIA Ceilo e mar (*La Gioconda*)—
Ponchielli
TERROR JONES (Scholar).

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,
in A minor, Op. 16 .. *Grieg*
AILSA C. MACCOLL, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).

Conductor—MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

Monday, July 20 (Chamber)

PHANTASY QUARTET for Pianoforte
and Strings, in A .. *Edwin Benbow*
(Scholar)

EDWIN BENBOW (Scholar), MICHAEL WILSON,
MURIEL HART, A.R.C.M., HELEN JUST
(Scholar).

SONGS for Soprano, Flute, Violin,
Viola and Pianoforte .. *Patrick Hadley*
(Student)

a. Scene from "The Woodlanders"
b. The Raftery Man

ODETTE DE FORAS, BRUCE McLAY (Scholar),
MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-Harrison
Exhibitioner), MURIEL HART, A.R.C.M.,
RALPH DOWNES (Scholar).

Conductor—GUY WARRACK.

PIANOFORTE SOLOS *Debussy*

a. Clair de Lune
b. Le vent dans la plaine
c. Poissons d'or

EUNICE WALLIS, A.R.C.M.

VOCAL QUARTETS—

1. Four songs from the Schemelli Hymn Book—
Bach
(Arranged for Four Voices by Harold Darke)

a. 'Tis finished
b. O, Jesu meek
c. In my appointed place
d. Jesu, jewel of my heart

2. Aria: *Bist du bei mir* *Bach*

BERTHA STEVENSON (Exhibitioner), JANET
POWELL (Exhibitioner), TERROR JONES
(Scholar), JOHN ANDREWS (Exhibitioner).

VIOLIN SOLOS—

a. Sonata, No. 2, in B minor, for Violin alone—
b. Variations on a Theme by Corelli— *Bach*
Tartini-Kreisler

REGINALD S. OAKLEY (Exhibitioner).

QUARTET for Strings,
in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2 .. *Beethoven*

MICHAEL WILSON, JOHN ROBINSON (Scholar),
ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M., HELEN JUST (Scholar).

Informal Concerts.

There were six Informal Concerts during the Term. Among the many works heard at these were the following works by Students: Quartet for Strings (two movements) in G, by D. A. PEACHE. Two Pieces for Violin and Piano, (a) Crantock Village, (b) Whipsiderry, by PEGGY WHITTINGTON.

Students' Recitals.

Recital (No. 33), Wednesday, June 3rd, by JOHN J. ANDREWS (Baritone), assisted by JOHN ROBINSON (Violin). The programme consisted of Songs by J. W. Franck, Robert Jones, Henry Purcell, Francis Korbay, C. V. Stanford, and Herbert Hughes; Violin Solos by Handel, Pugnani-Kreisler, Wieniawski, Fauré, and Porpora-Kreisler. Accompanist, PIERRE TAS.

Recital (No. 34), Tuesday, June 30th, by BLODWEN EVELEIGH (Soprano), assisted by GWENDOLYN V. BRAY (Pianoforte). The programme included Songs by Mozart, Handel, Hamilton Harty, Armstrong Gibbs, Michael Head, Arnold, Bax, Martin Shaw, Bishop, Parry, and Lane Wilson. Pianoforte Solos by César Franck, Eugène D'Albert, and Chopin. Accompanist, DAN PRITCHARD.

Recital (No. 35), Thursday, July 16th, by GAVIN GORDON BROWN (Baritone), assisted by IDA STARKIE (Violoncello). The programme consisted of Songs by Gabriel Fauré, Hugo Wolf, and Modest Moussorgsky; Violoncello Solos by Max Bruch, Wilhelm De Desch, Schumann, and Saint-Saëns. Accompanists, RICHARD AUSTIN and RALPH W. DOWNES.

Work in the Opera Theatre.

During the Summer Term the whole of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was prepared for performance; but, owing to illness of singers at the last moment, it was only possible to give two Scenes, which were Act II. Scene I., a Gipsy Camp, and the Prison Scene, Act IV. Scene II. The Orchestra was for this performance cut down to a few strings, a piano and harmonium, thus allowing the Opera Orchestra to rehearse the Second Act of "Tosca" and the Second Act of "The Flying Dutchman," which were produced a week later.

Mr. Grünebaum was responsible for the musical parts of these productions, although he himself only conducted the "Flying Dutchman." The conductors for "Trovatore" and "Tosca" were students. Mr. T. C. Fairbairn was responsible for the stage.

Two plays, "Op-o-me-Thumb" and "The Two Crowns," were produced by Mr. Cairns James, showing another side of R.C.M. activities, which must play a most important part in Operatic training, as in a purely dramatic performance the actors have no music to worry them, and so can concentrate on the meaning of the words and on acting—two vital elements in opera, which too often manifest themselves by their absence.

The most interesting happening in the Opera Theatre during the Term was the production of Dame Ethel Smyth's one Act Opera, "Entente Cordiale," which was given its first production on July 22nd. It is a post-war Comedy, founded on fact, and deals with the trouble of an English Tommy, whose French, which certainly should have been of a higher standard after his long stay amongst the natives, led him into great difficulties by muddling up a receipt for a chicken with a marriage contract. This Opera was also the first to be broadcast from College, though the elements battled against the effort, and even the Serpentine rose in its wrath and flooded the Orchestra pit. "Entente Cordiale" was preceded by "Fête Galante," which gave Mrs. Gotch a wonderful opportunity to display the brocades of the R.C.M. Opera wardrobe in the Watteauesque dresses which she produced, and which made the Opera delightful to look at.

Both Operas were produced by Mr. Cairns James, and conducted by Dame Ethel Smyth. Each Opera was given two performances.

The names of those taking principal parts in all these productions are set out in the programmes that follow.

J.B.G.

Thursday, July 2nd.

Scenes from "Il Trovatore"

By VERDI.

Azucena (a gipsy)	MARGARET COATES
Manrico (a troubadour)	RICHARD HAWKINS
Countess Leonora VERA GILMAN
Count de Luna	ROBERT POOLE
An old Gipsy	CHARLES DRAPER
A Messenger	ROBERT GWYNNE

Chorus of Gipsies.

Under the Musical Direction of Mr. H. GRÜNEHAUM, and the
Stage Direction of Mr. T. C. FAIRBAIRN.

Stage Manager : Mr. JACK GORDON.

Dresses arranged by Mrs. GOTCH, Hon. R.C.M., and the
LADIES' DRESS COMMITTEE.

Conductor—CLAUDE SMITH-DODSWORTH.

Wednesday, July 8th.

Scenes from "Tosca" (Act II)

By PUCCINI.

Flora Tosca (a celebrated singer) ...	ODETTE DE FORAS
Mario Cavaradossi (a painter) ...	RICHARD HAWKINS
Baron Scarpia (Chief of the Police) ...	GAVIN GORDON-BROWN
Sciarrone (a Gendarme)	CHARLES DRAPER
Spoletta (Police Agent) ROBERT GWYNNE

Conductor—GUY WARRACK.

"The Flying Dutchman" (Act II)

(By WAGNER).

Daland	CHARLES DRAPER
(Captain of a Norwegian vessel)	
Senta (his daughter)	ODETTE DE FORAS
Mary (his housekeeper)	MARION WILLIAMS
Erik (a huntsman)	RICHARD HAWKINS
The Flying Dutchman	JOHN ANDREWS

Under the Musical Direction of Mr. H. GRÜNEBAUM, and the
Stage Direction of Mr. T. C. FAIRBAIRN.

Stage Manager—Mr. JACK GORDON.

Dresses arranged by Mrs. GOTCH, Hon. R.C.M., and the
LADIES' DRESS COMMITTEE.

Conductor—Mr. H. GRÜNEBAUM.

Wednesday, July 22nd.

"Fete Galante"

Dramatised and Composed by ETHEL SMYTH.

The King	JOHN ANDREWS
The Lover	TREFOR JONES
Pierrot	KARL MELENE
Harlequin	ROBERT GWYNNE
The Queen	JANET POWELL
Columbine	MABEL RITCHIE
Pantaloon	MURIEL McDOWELL
Puppets ... {	BLODWEN EVELEIGH, MARGHERITA MCCUBBIN, WILLIAM HERBERT, CHARLES DRAPER

Conductor—ETHEL SMYTH.

Scene: A moonlit Watteau Garden.

"Entente Cordiale"

Written and Composed by ETHEL SMYTH.

'Erb 'Iggins	ROBERT GWYNNE
(Mess Corporal, a popular personality)	
Private Bill Baylis (his clever friend) ...	DUNSTAN HART
Grummins (Batman, a "dug-out") ...	JOHN BUCKLAND
Charles Arcot (Interpreter)	CHARLES DRAPER
Jeanne Arcott (his wife)	GWYNETH EDWARDS
Emma 'Iggins ('Erb's wife)	WINIFRED BURTON
The Adjutant	BARRY REAY-MACKAY
1st Able-bodied Seaman	ALLAN BUNNEY
2nd Able-bodied Seaman	MAX HOUGH
A Telephone Clerk	KARL MELENE

Conductor—ETHEL SMYTH.

The Operas produced by Mr. CAIRNS JAMES, Hon. R.C.M.

Stage Manager—Mr. JACK GORDON.

Scenery by Mr. JACK GORDON.

Dresses designed by Mrs. GOTCH, Hon. R.C.M., and made by
the LADIES' DRESS COMMITTEE.

The Dances in "Fête Galante" arranged by
Lady GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY and Miss PENELOPE SPENCER.

These two Opera were repeated on the evening of July 23rd, with the following castes :—

“FETE GALANTE”

The King	DUNSTAN HART
The Lover	CAVAN O'CONNOR
Pierrot	PHILIP WARDE
Harlequin	RICHARD HAWKINS
The Queen	WINIFRED BURTON
Columbine	MURIEL NIXON
Pantaloon	MURIEL McDOWELL
Puppets	}	BLODWN EVELEIGH
					MARGHERITA McCUBBIN
					WILLIAM HERBERT
					CHARLES DRAPER

“ENTENTE CORDIALE”

'Erb 'Iggin	ROBERT GWYNN
(Mess Corporal, a popular personality)					
Private Bill Baylis (his clever friend)	DUNSTAN HART
Grummins (Batman, a “dug-out”)	JOHN BUCKLAND
Charles Arcot (Interpreter)	CHARLES DRAPER
Jeanne Arcot (his wife)	GWYNETH EDWARDS
Emma 'Iggin ('Erb's wife)	WINIFRED BURTON
Thh Adjutant	BARRY REAV-MACKAY
1st Able-bodied Seaman	ALLAN BUNNEY
2nd Able-bodied Seaman	MAX HOUGH
A Telephone Clerk	KARL MELENE

Friday, July 24th.

“‘Op-O'-Me-Thumb”

By FREDERICK FENN and RICHARD PRYCE.

Madame Jeanne Marie Napoleon de Gallifet Didier—					
MARGHERITA McCUBBIN					
Clem (Mrs.) Galloway	DOROTHY SAUNDERS
Rose Jordan	LILY CLIFFORD
Celeste	GWENDOLEN NELSON
Amanda Afflick	OLIVE HOWELLS
Horace Greensmith	PERCY SAUNDERS

"The Two Crowns"

By CLARA REED.

Elizabeth Tudor (Queen of England) ...	DOROTHY SAUNDERS
Mary Stuart (Queen of Scotland) { Act I ...	ODETTE DE FORAS
{ Act III ...	MARGHERITA McCURBIN
Elizabeth Vernon ...	ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Countess of Shrewsbury { Attendants on {	.. VERA GILMAN
Elizabeth Throgmorton { Queen {	EDITH ROBINSON
Penelope Randall ... { Elizabeth {	.. LILY CLIFFORD
Hannah Kennedy ...	GWENDOLEN NELSON
Amy Foster ANNIE TETLEY
Catherine Sefton ... { Attendants on {	.. ROSIE VERITY
Robert Dudley (Earl of Leicester) KARL MELENK
Lord Hunsden ...	EDGAR WILLIAMS
Lord Burleigh ...	JOHN ANDREWS
Earl of Shrewsbury ...	MAX HOUGH
Sir Francis Walsingham ...	CHARLES DRAPER
Sir Amias Paulet ...	ROBERT POOLE
Anthony Babington ...	PHILIP WARDE
Thomas Murray ...	JACK BUCKLAND
A French Soldier {	PERCY SAUNDERS
An English Messenger {	
Page RITA ODDOLEY
Singer to Queen Mary MURIEL NIXON

Produced by Mr. CAIRNS JAMES, Hon. R.C.M.

Conductors' Classes.

[The following is a report of a Speech by Dr. Adrian Boult given, at the request of Sir Henry Hadow (Chairman), at the Conference of the Competitive Musical Festivals Movement, held in York, September, 1925. We are indebted to Mr. Boult for permission to print it here.]

I have been asked to adorn and embellish a statement to the effect that Conductors' Classes are not being held as much as they should be in the country. I have no figures, simply the word of the General Council of Competitive Musical Festivals that this is the case—that they would like to stimulate the interest in this particular form (shall I say) of entertainment—because it certainly is an entertainment, whether you are one of the "victims" or whether, so to speak, the pastor or master.

If I may be technical for a moment, to start with, I want just to make the point that there are really very few Conductors who have reduced the science of what they do to the easiest and most skilful technical end. It is very difficult to do, of course, and I personally can

only remember one Conductor who really could be said to do it in practice, and that was Arthur Nikisch who, alas, is no longer with us.

May we just turn to the ordinary elements of technique as applied (say) to singing or piano playing. Why do we practice scales and exercises—technical exercises of any kind? Simply in order to make it possible for us to tackle with greater ease any difficulty that we may suddenly meet or that we may later on come across in any work we are studying. I sometimes call it laziness: good technique really is the laziest way of achieving the finest end. I venture to say that it is just as possible to work out detail of that kind in conducting technique as in any other form of musical execution. May I give you a small example? First of all I would ask you just to look back in your memories at the wonderful action—combined, perhaps, from the example of a windmill and a professional boxer—with which many Conductors would, for instance, endeavour to start a large choir singing a good solid fortissimo. We know what has happened very often. I do not pretend to do it much better; but I do think that if we make up our minds we can reduce all this sort of movement to something much simpler. I venture to say, for instance, that an action very little more energetic and exciting than this* would start a choir. That is quite enough to start a fortissimo going. There are plenty of other things connected with the technique of conducting, but I do not want to weary you with them at the present time.

I want just to examine one or two reasons why the Conductor should think about his stick occasionally—not when he is in front of his choir, but quietly at home, just as a professional pianist thinks about his fingers more than occasionally. One is the actual question of energy. A Conductor has got to give out a tremendous amount of force; he has got at the same time to keep his head absolutely cool. Now I venture to say that the more he does with his arms and head and body (and sometimes his legs), the less will he be able to keep his mind clear and to sail on top of the various intricacies that are going on under his bâton; and, as a result, the less command there will be over his interpretation of the work and over the work of the forces under him. The less energy he uses the more mental control he has got.

There is another reason why we should reduce our actual stick work to the simplest possible form. That movement I showed you has what I consider an essential factor—which is not often seen, and very rarely found

*Indicated by a loop-like movement of the hand—the hand coming to rest at the exact point at which the loop was begun.

in text-books—that the stick is resting at first in the spot to which it returns at the moment when the first sound occurs. If you do as many Conductors do† your choir has got to *learn* exactly when you mean the sound to begin. The choir does not know how far down your hand is going, unless it knows you quite well. This simplicity is not only simplicity for its own sake for ease, and laziness, but it is also a form of—shall we say?—Esperanto of the stick. Many of us have only our own choir or band to deal with. Many others of us have to go from place to place and deal with new orchestras and choirs in the smallest possible time and with the smallest amount of rehearsal. One so often finds Conductors spending most of their rehearsal trying to establish some means of contact—simply to establish the thing and make the stick language intelligible to the members of the choir. The simpler we make our stick action, the quicker will it be intelligible to a strange choir or orchestra.

Then with regard to the actual planning of the rehearsals. Dr. Whittaker recently, at Oxford, said some interesting things on this subject; how one watches the temper of the choir or the orchestra, and changes the tune to suit the different moods. There is a good deal to think about in how one plans and handles the weekly rehearsal; I have found many Conductors, particularly in country districts, who have not thought about it at all.

Those are one or two of the main things which I think can be discussed at Conductors' Days. My experience is mostly in remote country districts, but my smaller experience of town festivals shows me that town Conductors also have a good deal to learn in the actual conducting of a choir. I do not know how they handle their rehearsals, but in the handling of the stick they work much too hard, and come away very hot and tired; and they are probably actually winning their competition—if they are winning it—not so much on what they have done at the moment, but on what they have done in the rehearsal room previously. What they do at the Competition should be the final crown of the rehearsals. It is not enough to say "I can prepare everything in the rehearsals"—and that the Conductor hardly need bother his head at the Competition: he has got to put that final impetus into the Competition or into the Concert; and he ought to be able to do that and keep his head cool at the same time.

It may now be of interest to tell you what we have found to be the best way of working Conductors' Days at country festivals. Assuming

† Indicating a simple drop of the hand.

that one is able to collect the Conductors fairly often, and assuming also that it is the ordinary kind of winter festival (the actual Festival taking place at Easter time) when the choirs are beginning to rehearse in October, we find it a help to have the Conductors together towards the end of October, and to go through the music, only roughly, because I personally hate laying down the law too much about tempo, for instance. This ought to be flexible, and left to each Conductor to think out for himself, and if we cannot get things together at the combined rehearsal, I think it is partly our fault. But it is a help to Conductors to go through the works, if one can at the same time leave them a chance of their own interpretation. We also try and invite some expert on some particular point to do with chorus training : all this before they have found out their difficulties (that is right at the beginning of the season).

By December we usually find things looking pretty black : they say that the music is much too difficult and ought never to have been set, and so on. That is a good time to get them together again ; and if two or three choirs are near a centre or village, one can perhaps arrange a rehearsal. Assuming that the means are available, about a month before the Festival it is well to have complete group rehearsals, working perhaps in three or four different centres, but with every member actually under the influence, for a couple of hours, of the final Festival Conductor. That is done in a most complete way at the Mary Wakefield Festival at Kendal, where they have always made a special point of group rehearsals held a month before the Festival. The Conductor spends four or five days going round with the Chorus Master, and not a single soul fails to turn up at one or other of the villages. At Kendal they keep the distinction (which is not done generally) between the competition music and the combined music. In other places we find it quite successful to have every single thing that is learnt for the competition also performed as continued music ; but at Kendal the individual Conductors are left a free hand absolutely for the part songs which are not performed at the Concert.

As regards a National scheme, it is rather hard (I am not an expert) for me to give any idea how a National scheme can be drawn up for the education of Conductors. In fact, I hardly think really that—thought it is important—it is the kind of thing that would lend itself to a scheme. All I can say is, that it has been found to be a great success whenever it has been tried. Various witnesses have expressed their appreciation of the

fact that the musical standard of a festival when Conductors' Classes are the rule, goes on improving from year to year. It is possible for the standard to keep on improving, whereas previously the Festival has simply kept its standard the same. In conclusion, may I assure you that the Federation and their experts are anxious to help anybody who is on the look-out for lecturers, and who can possibly arrange to gather their Conductors together during the season, in order for them to exchange notes about their own difficulties, and have any advice possible given to them.

ADRIAN C. BOULT.

Gustave Garcia

A Master Singer

With the death of Gustave Garcia, which took place yesterday in his 89th year, there has passed away one who in his day had played many parts, and played them with great distinction, though barely known even to the older generation of to-day. The greater fame of his father, Manoel—who died in 1906 in his 102nd year, the inventor of the laryngoscope, author of the now classic "*Traité complet de l'Art du Chant*," teacher of Santley and many celebrated singers—somewhat eclipsed his own less spectacular career. But those of us who worked with him and in later years were admitted into his private circle knew well the value of that privilege; we knew that with him, and almost with him alone, was the true tradition of "*bel canto*"; that, in a sense, he was that tradition. Moreover, we were taught to realise that that tradition was not merely concerned with the proper singing of the florid arias of Donizetti and Bellini and Verdi, but with the music dramas of Wagner, with German Lieder, with the songs of Fauré and Debussy and the modern Russians, with the songs of any school or period. That much-abused term, "*coloratura*," was simply the light and shade of fine singing expected alike of the deepest basso profundo and the highest soprano. In his own lifetime he saw many changes of musical fashion, and as a cosmopolitan he regarded them with sympathetic if somewhat detached interest. His was the kind of catholic vision that could see and appreciate the characteristic thing in any epoch, unblinded by prejudices or predilections. His historic sense was such that for him all art was of two kinds—good and bad; the good for all time, the bad to be consigned to oblivion. What he demanded first and last in a song

was that it should be singable—a thing of fine vocal line, let the mood be what it may. One evening after dinner, only a few months ago, his son Albert sang, and I played the accompaniments of, some characteristic specimens of modern songs. Garcia, reclining on a sofa in the far corner of the room, listened without making any comment until we had finished the third song—a particularly jagged, abrupt, and freakish thing—when from the depths of the sofa came the gentle question, “Is that a song?” In the very wistfulness of that question there was a world of criticism.

ARTISTIC TRADITIONS

When it is remembered that Gustave's grandfather—Manoel del Popolo Vicente Garcia—was born just over 150 years ago (Jan. 22, 1775), it will be realised how the traditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were bridged over and absorbed in this remarkable succession of professional musicians. Manoel the elder was born at Seville when Mozart was 19. He made his début on the stage at Cadiz at the age of 17, migrated to Madrid, where he established a reputation as singer and composer; to Paris, where his reputation was enhanced; to Italy, where he continued his success the while he studied the Italian method on the spot. He visited America in 1825 with an operatic company, in which were his son Manoel (the centenarian) and his daughter Maria, better known subsequently as Madame Malibran—one of the greatest operatic singers of all time. He toured as far west as Mexico, was robbed of all his properties and nearly £6,000 in gold when on his way to Vera Cruz; settle again in Paris in 1829, and died in 1832, the most famous teacher of his day. He wrote nearly forty operas, none of which, however, has survived its day. (His other daughter, Pauline Viardot, 1821-1910, rose to eminence, both as singer and actress.) When Manoel the elder died Manoel the younger was 27 years of age, and had already crammed more musical and operatic experience into his life than usually fell to young men in those days of slow travel. It is not necessary to recount the story of that brilliant and unique career, which may be read in most biographical dictionaries and musical histories. The centenarian, early in his career, chose to spell his name MANUEL.

Gustave was born in Milan on Feb. 1, 1837. When he was about 6 months old his parents returned to their home in Paris, and Gustave remained there until he was 17, receiving his education at the College of St. Barbe. In 1854 he came to England, and was sent to a private school, kept by a clergyman, to learn English,

remaining there for six months. His father had decided to make an engineer of him, but he showed no more aptitude for that than for the shipping business of which he had (after a term at an engineering school) a brief taste in Manchester. It was about this time that his Aunt, Pauline Viardot, came to Manchester to fulfil some concert engagements. Young Gustave appealed to her, told her of his incapacity and distaste for business, and begged her to ask his father to allow him to follow the profession of a singer. This she did, his father consented, and he was packed off to Paris to study, first with Bucine, a baritone, and then with Bataille, a bass, both well known artists of the Opéra Comique. He remained in Paris a year, returned to London to study with his father for three years, and made his debut in the title rôle of "Don Giovanni," at Her Majesty's Theatre at the age of 23. After a short season at that theatre he went to Italy and sang in various operas at La Scala, Milan. At the Carcano Theatre he produced "Don Giovanni," which had not been performed in Milan for thirty-two years. For five years he toured that country, singing at the principal theatres, with an interval of five months at the Opera House, Athens. At the age of 29 he returned to London, giving several concerts in Paris on his way hither, and shortly afterwards married Miss Linas Martorelli an accomplished soprano with whom he gave many concerts in London and the provinces. In 1880 he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music, remaining there ten years; he taught at the Guildhall School of Music from 1883 till 1910; and in 1884 he joined the staff of the Royal College of Music, teaching there until his final brief illness.

LATER YEARS

Thus for three long generations the Garcia family were, so to speak, part and parcel of the history of music in Europe, and to-day, when one laments the passing of Gustave, the chain is not yet broken. Wherever opera was, there was the name of Garcia honoured, even when changed into Malibran or Viardot. When Gustave settle down to teach at the three great English schools he virtually became a recluse. He—by upbringing a fine linguist—never courted society; he had no vanity, no ambitions of the more obvious kind. Had he so chosen he might have been the most fashionable teacher of the last forty years; the dynasty was his. But he loved the simple things of life, he had a fine sense of humour, and anything in the nature of parade displeased him. One summer term about 20 years ago he asked my advice about a place in which to spend a fishing holiday in Ireland. He fancied the North-West coast—some spot

from which he might begin a solitary tour, stopping three or four days here and three or four days there. I told him of a remote place, inland, where a stream drained three lakes, with excellent salmon trout at "a shilling per rod per day." He stayed there six weeks, supremely happy; and when one day I walked over from Kilmacrenan I found the handsome foreign gentleman had already greatly endeared himself to the country folk, who marvelled at his yodelling (at 67!)—a pretty habit he indulged in as he trudged home along the valley at dusk. Up to the end he had the voice of a young man, a resonant and beautiful baritone with top G's and A's as clear as a bell. On the eve of his 88th birthday and without preliminary advertisement he turned up at a pupils' concert given by his son Albert at the Wigmore Hall, and sang the "Noël" of Adolphe Adam. The occurrence was practically unnoticed by the Press, but the audience were electrified, hardly believing the evidence of their eyes and ears. All talk of pupils was silenced. It was of the veteran master they spoke. And probably the last reference to Gustave Garcia as an active singer that appeared in any English newspaper appeared in these columns. And it contained these lines: "To hear this wonderful old man of close upon 90 fill Wigmore Hall with a tone of quite incredible quality was to realise that the age of marvels is not yet passed. Truly there were giants in those days, and we may be grateful that some of them still remain to point the moral to a younger generation addicted to false gods and even false intonation."

[The article on "Gustave Garcia" is reprinted here, by kind permission, from "The Daily Telegraph," 13th June, 1925.]

HERBERT HUGHES

HERBERT SHARPE

To the great regret of his innumerable pupils and friends, Mr. Herbert Sharpe died suddenly on the morning of Wednesday, 14th October, 1925, at his son's residence in Kensington. It is hoped to include in the next number of the *MAGAZINE* a fitting tribute to his work and influence as a Professor of Pianoforte Playing in the R.C.M. from the year 1883 till the week of his death.

Gustave Garcia, as a Pupil Knew Him.

"Noble, my boy, noble ! Whatever sentence you wish to express, whether laughter or tears, love or hate, it must be expressed nobly."

These words of the lamented Gustave Garcia will ever ring in my ears, and I feel they are very fitting in expressing him, and giving a quick insight into his character. Whatever he did was big : he thought nobly, sang nobly, and his gestures were big both literally and metaphorically. Anything cheap and tawdry he hated, and everything fine won his unbounded appreciation and support.

It is difficult to paint a picture of him : this man of Spanish, Italian, and French blood, with his leonine head. I remember going for my first lesson with trepidation. I walked into his room, and was met by that sharp, inquiring look, with his keen sense of humour underlying it, and was gathered into the fold. He was no drawing-room singing master, no man of favourites and fancies and fulsome praise, but a real master and a real man, whom we loved and honoured for his fearless courage and manliness ; and he honoured us, too, his pupils. He was a great son of a great father.

He was a father to us all—we were his "children"—and what a happy family we were ! He scolded us right royally, laughed at our shortcomings, but in neither way did he hurt our feelings. His own laughter, even when directed against us, was so infectious that we laughed at ourselves with him. He guarded our voices jealously, and never would he let us throw ourselves prematurely before the public ; and how right he was later events have always proved. Either a pupil was ready or not ready ; that sufficed. He thought only of our future. Many are the lectures we have had on conserving our capital, when youth tempted us to a lavish expenditure of top notes.

Thoroughness was his watchword ; and if at times we chafed at the slowness of our progress, we still had enough wisdom to know this was due only to his keen effort to see that everything was correct. His standard was the highest, and only the best was good enough for him. And how deeply interested he was in every pupil's progress and welfare ! When he was over seventy-five he would turn out at nights to hear his pupils, and as late as 1920 I found him listening to one of his pupils at 10 o'clock at night.

His voice retained its purity and youth right to the last. It was the purity of a man about 25, there was no wear or sign of age in it. To hear him sing Mozart was a revelation. There were the voice, the

technique, the interpretation. "Without technique," he used to say : "How can one interpret, how can one express one's emotions ; if one cannot make the voice do what the brain wishes, how can one sing ? Be master of your voice, never let your voice be *your* master, for that would be your ruin."

He has passed, but has left a great legacy behind him. We honoured him, he honoured us. He was a great man, a great friend, and a great singing master. "Noble, always noble !"

TOPLISS GREEN.

The R.C.M. Union

The report in the last number of the MAGAZINE brought the record of Union events down to the end of June. Not much, therefore, remains to be covered by the present note, since the long vacation necessarily gave pause to most affairs. But there *was* one notable event in July : Major and Mrs. John Greg gave a party to about eighty Union Members, at their house, 5, Sussex Square, W. 2, on July 14th. It was a red-letter evening. The delightful hospitality of host and hostess, and the beautiful surroundings, made the guests enjoy every minute of the time, and gave them many happy memories to enjoy in retrospect. The warmest thanks are due to Mrs. John Greg for this—as for many other kindnesses to the Union in the past.

Subjoined is a programme of the music.

SONATA for Violoncello with Pianoforte accompaniment ... *Caporale*

MR. JOHN SNOWDEN.

At the Piano : MISS KATHLEEN MARKWELL.

SONGS *Hugo Wolf*

- a. Der genesene an die Hoffnung
- b. Gleich und gleich
- c. Ich hab' in Penna
- d. Wenn du mein Liebster

MADAME LE MAR.

At the Piano : MR. STANLEY TAYLOR.

PIANOFORTE SOLOS ... a. Sonata in A major ... *Arne*
 ... b. Menuet and Hornpipe ... *Purcell*
 ... c. Island Spell ... *Ireland*
 ... d. Country Garden } ... *Arr by*
 ... e. Morris Dance } ... *Percy Grainger*

MR. HAROLD RUTLAND.

List of Members' Names and Addresses

Members are reminded that the Address List for 1926 will shortly be in the printer's hands, and it is, therefore, important that all changes or corrections of Address should be sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Union, without fail, as soon as possible. Members are earnestly, indeed urgently, begged to co-operate with the Hon. Secretaries in keeping the Address List up to date by notifying them of such changes.

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

R.C.M. Union "At Home," 1925.

PART I.

PIANOFORTE SOLOS ... *a. Five Preludes, Op. 16 ... Scriabine*
b. Barcarolle, Op. 60 ... Chopin
 MR. HERBERT FRYER.

SONGS ... *R. Vaughan Williams*
a. Take, O take those lips away
b. When icicles hang by the wall
c. Orpheus with his lute
d. The Water Mill

MR. STEUART WILSON.

At the Piano : MR. C. THORNTON LOFTHOUSE.

Interval.

PART II.

SONGS AT THE PIANO—

MR. T. C. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

INAUGURAL CONCERT
 OF THE

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC BALLAD CONCERTS.

Symptoms of decay in that great monument of British Art, the Ballad, are viewed with concern : a Ballad Class for Composers has, therefore, been instituted in the College, and the results are now shown in a short experimental Concert of works by ARTHUR BENJAMIN, HAROLD DARKE and HERBERT HOWELLS.

PROGRAMME.

VOCAL QUARTET (New) ... Spring
 MISS BERTHA STEVENTON, MISS JANET POWELL,
 MR. TREFOR JONES, MR. JOHN ANDREWS.

NEW SONG ... Lullaby
 MISS WINIFRED BURTON.

NEW SONG Ask me not
MR. TREFOR JONES.

VOCAL QUARTET (New) Comrades (Old Nursery Rhyme)
Violoncello : MISS HELEN JUST.
Organ : MR. HERBERT HOWELLS.

NEW SONG Oh, that I had known
MISS WINIFRED BURTON.
Violin Obligato : MISS MARIE WILSON.

NEW SONG The Plumber's Mate
MR. JOHN ANDREWS.

VOCAL QUARTET (New) Home
With Side Drum, Bass Drum, and Grand Organ Obligati.
Side Drum : MR. CLAUDE SMITH-DODSWORTH.
Bass Drum : MR. RALPH DOWNES.
Grand Organ : DR. HAROLD DARKE.
At the Piano : MR. ARTHUR BENJAMIN.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Our Leonard Borwick

And Thoughts in connection with his
Student-Life, by his Colleague and Friend,
FANNY DAVIES.

It was in 1884. We had all re-assembled in Frankfort after our long summer vacation, during which we had plenty of holiday work to prepare (for some of us it had included the Goldberg Variations). A group of Madame Schumann's pupils had found each other in front of the students' time-table in the lobby of the picturesque old Conservatorium in the Rœmerberg, and there were guessings as to which pupils would take the place in Clara Schumann's classes of the two whom she had sent out at the end of the last term to face the world and the fire of authoritative criticism. For Madame Schumann only took six "whole" pupils as she called us, *i.e.*, two half-hour lessons in the week. Six others were half pupils, *i.e.*, one half-hour lesson with Madame Schumann, and one half-hour with Fräulein Schumann for those who still needed preparation. All the lessons were given in her own beautiful, artistic, refined home. Then there were the pupils of her daughters—some of whom would

eventually pass on — others not. But then came the question: Is there anybody new, who will step in at once? (I had been one of those lucky ones and had finished my first of two years.) Then the word went round that two boys had arrived—one a German, the other a very nice fresh little English boy of 15, in Eton jacket and collar—a very unusual thing in Frankfort—and that his name was Leonard Borwick.

I suppose it was about four weeks after this when, at the end of one of the lessons, Madame Schumann called two of us aside and told us to remain, because "the little Borwick" was coming to play to her, after his first month of preparation with Fräulein Marie.

Now here I want to say a word about the kind of work meant by "preparation." It was not a joke, and it often went as far as works like "Carnaval." Nobody could expect an artist like Madame Schumann to do *spade-work*, when her daughter could do everything in the way of preparation that her mother demanded. This included the whole basis of later work. First, *real* time keeping, not "there or thereabouts," as nearly everybody is inclined for, who has not had the horrible truth put right under his nose; and not only that, has been made to *do* it, not only to realise it on paper. It is quite true, that until one *realises* the difference between time and rhythm; until one realises the difference of the sound of a dotted note or a note with a rest, until one realises that it is that tiny bit cut off the end of every bar, and off the beginning and end of every phrase, that makes everything sound flurried and hurried and fussy—one's performance remains to the end of one's life just below the mark, whether instrumentalist, singer or conductor. To cure it means simply a drastic self-examination when practising; it is very soon overcome if one puts one's back into it—it is generally that last note but one, but not always; one must learn to listen to oneself with microscopic ears—and that is the basis of self-criticism and of "cleaning up as one goes along."

I can only say that, after playing everything under the sun at Leipzig, where I got "good fingers" from Prof. Oscar Paul, a friend and pupil of Liszt, so that Frau Schumann could take me as a "whole" pupil at once, nobody had ever brought it home to me until, in her very first lesson, Frau Schumann horrified me by saying that I did not really keep *time*. And had I not cured that in the first three lessons, I should have been sent to a daughter to learn my A B C.

Some aspirants had been very much offended by Madame Schumann's quick way of rubbing in this home truth. But we can never arrive at anything really big until the time is *absolute*. It sounds

elementary. As a matter of fact it is very difficult, and requires a great deal of concentration. *Then* it becomes second nature, and one can go on to the sound of the value of notes (in reality the basis of colour)—*e.g.*, here is written a crochet—play it as such : here is a quaver and a rest—play it : here is a dotted note and here is the same figure but with a rest, then let the difference in *sound* come out accurately, on the piano. To be still, outwardly, to use one finger precisely like another, legato, so that the tones just meet, to produce these with a crystal clear touch, all this is the road to a beautiful and unfailing technique, and has to be worked out in scales, passage work, and Czerny and Bach. And to accent “Bogen” properly, and not to cut off and cast away the second note, with a staccato nip—is the royal road to really musical Bach playing as opposed to what I call “flea” Bach, and this we had to arrive at in the first lessons. (We call Bogen “slurs.” Why? it is such an inadequate word.)

These, then, were the main things that the little Borwick had worked out before the celebrated first lesson. A boy of 15 was naturally *quick* if he could be accepted at all by Clara Schumann, and when a child is quick, all those things that have to do with position of body, arms, wrists, hands, fingers, and their proper workings, should come off in very few lessons, and right at the commencement. Not to *talk* so much about it, but just to *do* it.

Never shall I forget that first lesson of the little Borwick. A knock at the door, “Herein” (come in), and the dear little boy, with very rosy cheeks and the cleanest of Eton collars, walked steadily up to Madame Schumann, who had risen to meet him. One must have felt the presence of Clara Schumann to realise what it meant to be received into her realm. She talked to him a little about his work, to make him feel at ease, and then he sat down to the piano and played, with beautiful, equal fingers, not quite up to time, but wonderfully studied in every detail of finger work and phrasing, the first movement of the Clementi C major Sonata, which contains the whole foundation of technique and “school.” When he had finished, Madame Schumann—whose English was unique, and who had a delightful slight lisp—fixed those wonderful, penetrating eyes upon him: “That is *very* well, very equal, very good rhythmic, all just as it should be—and now you may get it up to time. But now I will *thay* (say) you—“Have you a heaarrrt?”

Little English boy, blushing like a peony: “*Yes*, Madame Schumann.”
(How plucky to *own* to a heart.)

Clara : "Then, I thay you, if you have a heart, you must not *keep it behind* ! It is not good to keep the heart *behind*."

She went to the piano and played several examples of "heart." "Here is such a pretty melody—how much nicer it sounds when played with warmth"—(example). "But you play it thus":—(example). "Can you hear the difference? Here is a trumpet—bring it out, but not too much." Little English boy, now a *poppy*:—"Yes, Madame Schumann." And so the lesson went on to the end, and we all dispersed. (That heart did not *remain* "behind.")

That impression can never fade. The dear, fresh little boy, enveloped by that great artist, that great mother heart, that noble character. Leonard's father told me many years afterwards, that for Frau Schumann the boy had so much love and veneration, that he would never say, do, or even think, anything that could hurt her. And I think I can say the same.

We soon find the Eton jacket disappear, and the owner already playing his Chopin studies in Madame Schumann's own class. Borwick knew exactly how to practise, and went steadily forward, leaving many others far behind—developing first one side, then another, and that he continued to do to the very end. I knew that at one time he was so keen to use every minute to some purpose, that he would drink his afternoon coffee with one hand and play with the other, rather than waste time, when he had given himself some task to get over for the next lesson. Clara Schumann had a way of keeping a pupil at the same portion of a work until completely conquered. No "there or thereabouts" for her. If, at the third lesson, it still remained unsafe, then the work was (rightly) considered to be beyond the capacity of the pupil. So, naturally, that drastic way brought out the practising powers of all those who wished to arrive.

It was a great education, of course, for us students to listen regularly to the open rehearsals of the Museum Orchestral Concerts, as well as the Concerts themselves for those who could get in. (I subscribed to the top gallery; no doubt Borwick did later.) For the rehearsals various galleries were reserved for the Conservatorium students (as at the Leipzig Gewandhaus). Then there were the Kammernusik Concerts of the Museum. We always tried to get into these by "getting round" the ticket office people; by waiting till the last minute there might be an empty subscriber's seat to be had (not very easy if Brahms were coming to play). Also Borwick had a great student colleague, the delicious Hungarian pianist,

Ilona Eibenschütz—these two ran each other very close, and remained great friends. Alas for the pianist world that Ilona retired on her marriage. I never forget her Op. 111. She had come to Frau Schumann at the ripe age of 13, after quite a long career as a wonderchild. But Frau Schumann *liked* them to begin young; she considered that at the age of 18 one should be ready to make one's *début*, and that meant, knowing enough to study alone. And in exceptional cases like these, the general education had to continue, of course, but on special lines—all the morning freshness to be devoted to the chief practise. Two other very clever children—the Wetzlers—were there, too. Hermann is, I believe, Conductor of a famous Orchestra in America. Minnie, who came at the age of 10, was ultimately drowned in the Bourgoyne—a brilliant pianiste.

We find Borwick, later, developed into a real pianist, playing works of such different calibre as the Brahms D minor Concerto, and Liszt's "Don Juan" *Fantasie*—at two different practice evenings in the Conservatorium within a fortnight. We did not call these *Concerts*. Students were put down to play—or to sing—whatever work was ready, and to do it *at once*, so as not to have the work hanging about. One real public Concert was given each term; those who played were chosen from the best performances in the *Uebungsabende*. At the end of the school year, of course the five consecutive days of *Hauptprüfung* took place (public *proof*, not examination).

Rather a characteristic story is the following: After the "Don Juan" *Fantasie*, the Director said to Frau Schumann, "But Leonard Borwick has not studied the "Don Juan" *Fantasie with you?*" Her answer, always to the point, was, "Do you really think he would have played it *like that* if he had *not* studied it with me?"

I never asked him how many hours, and even days, he sat with



and its detached basses, before he considered it decent enough for his *début* at the Museum Concert in Frankfort. I know how long I sat with it. And the Cadenza . . . Busoni began the Cadenza fortissimo, and gradually "*diminuendo* 'd" it until the trills. Such a cheap and easy way out of one of the greatest problems in music literature. But so poor—*any one* can do it *diminuendo*. Few can build it up.

I happened to be in Frankfort at the time, so was able to be present when Leonard made his *début* there. He had a great success, and played

splendidly. His solo was, of all things, the Henselt study in E flat, with the moving arpeggio bass, and a slow melody in legato octaves (as he played it, he made it sound exactly like a duet for four hands), followed by Liszt's Paganini "Hexentanz" Variations — dedicated to Clara Schumann—and, as encore, *more* Henselt, the Toccata in C minor, which he played with beautiful melody technique—*very* elegantly. Not that I want to play Henselt, or to ask other people to play Henselt; but I do think that certain studies—e.g., the D minor arpeggio bass one and the B flat minor right hand—(both so good for the muscles round the thumb and wrist) are real milestones—the same as Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, and the first movement and Scherzo of the C minor Trio. There is something left out in the training of a pianist without these, just because they are musically obvious, and of the greatest use in furthering fire and a certain passion in the stage between the child and the grown-up. This does not apply to age!

There was nothing Borwick could not do—he was a great pianist as well as a great artist. He and I were the best of friends and colleagues for forty years. The last time I saw and heard him was at a delightful party, given by Lady Whitelegge, in July. He played in his *very* best form some of his Bach transcriptions (which, by the way, will be available shortly), and some Mendelssohn, among others the A major, Op. 7, and some moderns. I sat in the front row for these, I wanted to see his fingers. After which, when I went up to tell him how absolutely beautiful it was (which he, of course, knew better than anyone), he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "Fanny, it takes a bit of courage to play Mendelssohn with *you* sitting in the front row!" and I asked him whether he meant to "pull my leg?"—we were like that. And how we had looked forward to playing the Mozart double Concerto, and the triple Mozart, at the Queen's Hall, on January 23rd

I have tried to show how the little English boy became Leonard Borwick. His insatiable desire for knowledge, his love and great knowledge of art and literature, all helped him to realise his aims. He loved the country, he knew the song of every bird—and was, in fact, just our dear Borwick.

FANNY DAVIES,

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The Royal Collegian Abroad.

At the conferment of Honorary Degrees, at the special congregation held on Tuesday, June 9th, the University of Cambridge conferred the degree of Musical Doctor (*honoris causa*) upon Sir HUGH ALLEN. We all wish to offer our hearty congratulations to the Director upon his receiving this most distinguished honour.

The Three Choirs Festival was held this year at Gloucester (September 6th—11th). New works included Sir WALFORD DAVIES's "Men and Angels," for Chorus and Orchestra; Three Pieces for Strings and Organ, by Mr. THOMAS DUNHILL; a Motet, "Glory and Honour," by Dr. CHARLES WOOD; Mr. HOLST's Motet, "The Evening Watch"; and "Paradise Rondel," a piece for Orchestra, by Mr. HERBERT HOWELLS; Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS conducted the last movement of his "Sea Symphony"; STANFORD's "Stabat Mater" and PARRY's "Job" were given. And it is noteworthy that in the latter the name-part was sung by Mr. KEITH FALKNER. Dr. HATHAWAY conducted his work "Symphonic Variations." Mr. W. H. REED (in addition to his work as leader of the London Symphony Orchestra) directed a performance of his "Æsop's Fables"; and the whole Festival had Dr. HERBERT BREWER for Conductor-in-Chief. (On another page we refer to the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Sir Hubert Parry, at the Shire Hall, Gloucester.)

The Leeds Triennial Festival this year was in part conducted by Sir HUGH ALLEN, who directed performances of (among other works) the Bach "B minor Mass," Dr. Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony," and Parry's "The Glories of our Blood and State." Much of the Festival was conducted by Mr. ALBERT COATES, and it was under his direction that the principal novelty was given its first performance. This was Mr. GUSTAV HOLST's "Choral Symphony," which had an outstanding success.

The London rehearsals, both for Leeds and for Gloucester, were held in the Concert Hall of the R.C.M.

During its visit to this country in the summer, the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. LE-LIE HEWARD, gave a command performance in the Picture Gallery, Buckingham Palace, by command of the King and Queen.

Miss DOROTHEA WEBB gave another Song Recital recently at Æolian Hall, and sang songs by Handel, Gluck, Carpenter, Gurney, Benjamin, Peterkin, Someren-Godfrey, and others; and included in her programme Stravinsky's "La Novice," Hüe's "L'Ane Blanc," and Schumann's Song Cycle "Frauen Liebe und Leben."

Miss MARJORIE EDES had the assistance of Miss LILY BRYAN (as singer) at her Recital at Wigmore Hall on June 5th. She played (with Mr. SAMUEL LITTLE at the piano) Violoncello works by Handel, Malipiero, Ravel, and Debussy.

During the early summer Mr. ARTHUR BENJAMIN gave three Piano Recitals in London. His first was at Queen's Hall, where, with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood, he played Mozart's A major Concerto, Beethoven's in G major, and Rachmaninoff's in D minor. Later he gave the second and third Recitals at the Wigmore Hall. At the first of these he included Mr. ARTHUR BLISS's "Masks" (this was new); while the last contained Bach's "Italian" Concerto, Beethoven's E flat major Sonata (Op. 31, No. 3), a Ravel Group, and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques."

A programme of Songs of very wide range and interest was given at Queen's Hall, on June 12th, by Miss DOROTHY SMITHARD, who had the collaboration of Sir Henry Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra. The names of Handel, Bach, Purcell, Wolf, Strauss, Saint-Saëns, Verdi, Vaughan Williams, and Howells appeared in the list of music given.

Mr. Bax's Second Sonata, in G, Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations, and Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in A minor were the chief works played by Miss DOREEN CLARK at a Pianoforte Recital, at Æolian Hall, on June 25th.

Of all the performances of music by Orlando Gibbons during his per-centenary years, none was more thoroughly well done than the Concert of Chamber Music given at Æolian Hall, on June 5th, by the Oriana Singers, Mr. Norman Stone, and a String Sextet, led by Mr. Charles Woodhouse. At the same Concert, Mr. BERNARD ORD played several pieces on a Harpsichord.

Several Collegians were concerned in the giving of a Concert of Old English Music at the Century Theatre on June 23rd. Miss DORIS MONTRAVE sang, Mrs. T. PHELPS was the Pianist, Miss BEATRICE EVELINE the 'Cellist, and Mr. KEITH FALKNER the Bass. There were, in the programme, two and three-part Canzonets, some Purcell works, and a Sonata by Eccles.

The Community Singers' Association organised a Concert at the Royal Albert Hall in May, at which Mr. L. STANTON JEFFERIES gave a short Organ Recital. He also shared the duties of accompanist with Mr. MAURICE JACOBSON.

Miss CONSTANCE MARCHANT's 'Cello Recital at Wigmore Hall, on May 26th, contained Sonatas by Boccherini, in A, and Brahms, in F, as well as Tchaikowsky's "Variations on a Roccoco Theme." Mr. E. KENDALL-TAYLOR was at the Piano.

We regret that in a list we published (some time ago) of appointments held by pupils of the late Sir Walter Parratt we wrongly described Mr. GEOFFREY N. LEEDS as Organist of Eton Church. Actually Mr. Leeds left that post three years ago, and is now Organist of Windsor Parish Church, as well as being Assistant Music Master at Eton College.

Miss SARA FISCHER sang at the Albani Matinee given at Covent Garden in May last.

DR. PERCY BUCK.

It was recently announced that the Senate of London University have appointed Dr. Percy Buck to fill the vacancy in the King Edward Chair of Music. All friends of Dr. Buck himself and of London University will congratulate both upon this appointment.

We are glad to learn (from a programme that has recently come into our hands) that Mr. FREDERICK J. NOTT still continues his excellent Organ Recitals at the Church of St. Peter, Melbourne. In the programme referred to the names of Bach, Handel, Franck, Vierne, Elgar, and Howells occur.

Miss PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER has lately given programmes of Seventeenth Century English Songs, Bach, Modern English, Schubert and Strauss, at Recitals in Vienna and Berlin, with great success. In both places she attracted enthusiastic praise for her singing in German, particularly in Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen."

BIRTHS.

COLLINGS. On August 23rd, at Grange Cottage, Tangier Road, Guildford, to Dorothy (née Maitland-Webb) and Lieut.-Commander B. d'A. Collings, R.N. (retired), a son (Bryan Musgrave).

GABRIEL. On May 17th, at "Colville," 54 Gerard Road, Barnes, S.W., to Evelyn Maud (née Tyson), wife of W. B. Gabriel, a daughter (Elisabeth).

KERR. On September 17th, at 89 Lowes Baggot Street, Dublin, to Jessica (née Gordon), wife of Alexander C. Kerr, of Rotterdam, a daughter (Mary Joy).

SHORE. On September 12th, at 38, Ashchurch Grove, W. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shore, a daughter (Christine, Olive, Udale).

MARRIAGES.

FITCH—HOLYER. On August 19th, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. C. Harold Fitch to Miss Alys M. Holyer.

STRUTT—ST HELIER EVANS. On August 19th, at Brampton Abbots, Ross-on-Wye, Mr. Rayleigh Strutt to Miss Veronica St Helier Evans.

Reviews.

KEY TO THE BRAILLE MUSIC NOTATION, 1922 (Revised to 1925).
London: Novello and Co., Ltd., 160, Wardour Street, W. 1. 5/-.

This Volume comprises an international and universal key to Braille Music Notation, and is published by the authority of the Council of the National Institute for the Blind. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this book should be in the hands of every teacher, for it is a complete guide to the transcription of ordinary musical notation into Braille, for the use of the Blind, and can be learnt in a very short time with a little application. With a fair knowledge of its contents, which may seem a trifle bewildering at first sight, but are readily comprehended with a little study, a teacher need have no hesitation in accepting a blind pupil, in the comfortable assurance that interchange of ideas is a problem readily solved.

Incidentally this volume serves to draw attention to the vast amount of musical literature now available for blind students of music, the number of musical compositions published by the National Institute for the Blind runs into some thousands of volumes, and is copiously added to month by month.

"A LITTLE ORGAN BOOK." *

The Parry Room has recently had a welcome addition to its funds in the shape of a cheque for £21 18s. 4d.—royalties on the sale of "A Little Organ Book." This book, which has been brought out by the Year Book Press, contains thirteen short pieces for the Organ, by W. G. Alcock, Ivor Atkins, G. Thalben Ball, A. H. Brewer, Frank Bridge, Harold Darke, Walford Davies, Alan Gray, Henry G. Ley, Charles Macpherson, C. V. Stanford, Charles Wood, and Sir Hubert himself (a hitherto unpublished piece found among his manuscripts).

The idea was that the book should be an amplification of the little "wreath of melodies" written for, and played at, Sir Hubert's funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral, and it is compiled in memory of him.

By kind permission of the contributors, all royalties on the sale of the work are given to the Parry Room Fund, and the sum named above is the very welcome first instalment.

* Year Book Press: "A Little Organ Book." Paper boards, 6/6. Cloth bound, 10/6.

The Term's Awards

During the Midsummer Term (1925) the following awards were made :—

Council Exhibitions (£70)—

Gladden, Mary	(Violin)	£8
Phillips, Avis R.	(Singing)	£7
Evans, Rosalie	(Singing)	£6
Reay-Mackay, Leonard	(Singing)	£6
Bowden, Winifred	(Pianoforte)	£6
Saunders, Dorothy	(Singing)	£5
Fearnley, Ethelwyn	(Violoncello)	£5
Boase, Ursula	(Pianoforte)	£5
Paul, Alan	(Pianoforte)	£5
Dean, John	(Singing)	£5
McCubbin, Clara	(Opera)	£4
Eveleigh, Blodwen	(Singing)	£4
Watson, Kathleen	(Singing)	£4

Special Grants of £3 have been made to the following :—

Eavestaff, Dorothy	(Pianoforte)
Macintyre, Jean	(Pianoforte)
Abbey, Margaret	(Singing)
Baldry, Betty	(Violoncello)
Alderson, Mary	(Singing)
Freeman, Eric	(Violin)

Junior Exhibitions—

Kantrovitch, Olga	(Pianoforte)	£7
Carré, John	(Organ)	£4
Easdale, Bryan	(Pianoforte)	£4

Clementi Exhibition for Pianoforte Playing (£28 7s.)—

Bontoft, Walter F. S.

Henry Leslie (Hereford Philharmonic) Prize (£10)—

Divided between—

De Foras, Odette

Jones, Trefor (Scholar)

Highly Commended—

Dobbs, Hilda

Leyland-White, Harry

Nixon, Alice M.

Arthur Sullivan Prize for Composition (£10)—

Turnbull, Percy P. (Scholar)

Scholefield Prize for String Players (£3)—

Wykeham-George, Gethyn (Scholar)

Challen Gold Medal for Piano Playing—

Clarke, S. E. Doreen (Scholar)

Elocution Class—

Owens, Doris E. (The Director's Prize)

Nelson, Gwendoline A. (Registrar's Prize)

Warde, Philip B. (Mr. Cairns James' Improvement Prize)

Commended—

Burton, Winifred H.

Macartney, Nellie

Hough, Michael J.

Mansell, Joyce H.

Jones, Trefor

Oddoley, Rita

Ellen Shaw Williams' Prize for Piano Playing (£10)—

MacColl, Ailsa C.

Signor Foli Scholarships—

Milford, Robert H. (£30)

Whittington, Elizabeth M. (£30)

Warrack, Guy D. H. (£30)

Chappell Medal for Pianoforte Recital—

Taylor, E. Kendal (Scholar) (Gold)

Chappell Exhibition for 3rd Grade Pianoforte Pupils (£30)—

Crundall, Constance M.

Ernest Farrar Prize (£7)—

Peaché, Dorothy A.

Alfred and Catherine Howard Prize for Violin Playing (£20)—

Divided between—

Ford, Audrey (Scholar)

Oakley, Reginald G. E.

Wilson, Marie (Scholar)

Kenneth Bruce Stuart Prize (£3 3s.)—

Bunney, Alan W.

Dannreuther Prize (£9 9s.)—

Bissett, Evelyn A.

Frank Pownall Prize for Singers (£5)—

Warde, Philip B. (Scholar)

List of Dates, 1925-26

A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

December, 1925

Last day for receiving application forms ... Mon., 9th Nov.

Examination begins Mon., 14th Dec.

April, 1926

Last day for receiving application forms ... Mon., 22nd Feb.

Examination begins Mon., 19th April

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1925.

Half Term begins ... Monday ... 2nd Nov.

Term ends Saturday ... 12th Dec.

EASTER TERM, 1926.

Entrance Examination Wednesday ... 6th Jan.

Term begins Monday ... 11th Jan.

Half Term begins ... Monday ... 22nd Feb.

Term ends Saturday ... 3rd April

MIDSUMMER TERM, 1926

Entrance Examination ... Wednesday ... 28th April

Term begins Monday ... 3rd May

Half Term begins ... Monday ... 14th June

Term ends Saturday ... 24th July

